

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, even at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Emperesse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Emperesse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined iest?
Yield to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of curst hell-hounds, and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Emperesse Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Pie *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,

And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Emperesse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded,
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that wil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spoileste Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that *Lavinia* twene her stumps doth hold:
The Basin that receiues your guilty blood.

You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Pasty,
And of the Pasty a Coffin I will reare,
And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that strumper your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increase.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfeit on,
For worse then *Philemel* you vs'd my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grind their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Pasty let their wil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Bunket, which I wish might proue,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And seethem ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurst deuill,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,

For testimony of her soule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vter for th,

The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*

The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emperesse, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firement more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sonne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parie
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*, *Harsh*

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Sat. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a viall over her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
I will fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Emperesse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,

Was it well done of rath *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,

Because she was enfor't, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Sat. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girl, should not suruine her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,

For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,

And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was the raiuisht itell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They raiuisht her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, bakte in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knives sharpe point.

He stabs the Emperesse.

Sat. Die franticke wretch, for this accurst deed.

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You sad faced men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores fever'd like a flight of Fowle,

Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe

This scatterd Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And see whom mightie kingdomes curse too,

Like a forlome and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.

But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnessles of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erist our Auncestor,

When with his solemne
To loue-sicke *Didoes* sad
The story of that balefull

When subtil Greekes surpris'd
Tell vs what *Simon* hath done
Or who hath brought the

That giues our Troy, our
My heart is not compact
Nor can I vter all our b

But floods of teares will
And breake my very vtra
When it should moue yo

Lending your kind hand
Heere is a Captaine, let h

Your hearts will throb at

Luc. This Noble Augur
That curst *Chiron* and *D*

Were they that murder'd
And they it were that rau

For their fell faults our Br

Our Fathers teares despi

Of that true hand that fou

And sent her enemies vnto

Lastly, my selfe vnkindly

The gates shut on me, and

To beg reliefe among Rom

Who drown'd their enmi

And op'd their armes to in

And I am turned forth, be

That haue prefer'd her w

And from her bosome too

Sheathing the Steele in my

Alas you know, I am no

My scars can witness, du

That my report is iust and

But soft, me thinks I do d

Crying my worthlesse pra

For when no Friends are b

Mar. Now is my turne

Of this was *Tamora* deliu

The issue of an Irreligi

Chiefe Architect and plo

The Villaine is alive in T

And as he is, to witness th

Now iudge what courtes

These wrongs, vnspokea

Or more then any liui

Now you haue heard the

Have we done ought ami

And from the place where

The poore remainder of

Will hand in hand all hea

And on the ragged stone

And make a mutuall clos

Speake Romanes speake

Loe hand in hand, *Lucius*

Emili. Come come, th

And bring our Emperour

Lucius our Emperour: for

The common voyce do c

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail

Goe, goe into old *Titus*

And hither hale that mis

To beadiudg'd some dir

As punishment for his m

Lucius all haile to Rome